

conscious abasement. Those on the rows from behind now pressed forward; those in advance either came on the stage, or stood up intently contemplating. The Mayor was defeated, the crowd became too thick, and the caresses bestowed on the dog seemed to fatigue him. He rose and retreated to a corner haughtily. "Manners, Sir," said the soldier; "it is not for the like of us to be proud; excuse him, ladies and gentlemen."—"He only wishes to please all," said the child, deprecatingly. "Say how many would you have round us at a time, so that the rest may not be prevented seeing you?" She spread the multiplication figures before the dog; the dog put his paw on 10. "Astonishing!" said the Mayor; "Will you choose them yourself, Sir?" The dog nodded, walked leisurely round, keeping one eye toward the one eye of his master, and selected ten persons, among whom were the Mayor, Mr. Williams, and three pretty young ladies, who had been induced to ascend the stage. The others were chosen no less judiciously.

The dog was then led artfully on from one accomplishment to another, much within the ordinary range which bounds the instruction of learned animals. He was asked to say how many ladies were on the stage; he spelt three. What were their names? "The Graces." Then he was asked who was the first magistrate in the town. The dog made a bow to the Mayor. "What had made that gentleman first magistrate?" The dog looked to the alphabet and spelt "Worth." "Were there any persons present more powerful than the Mayor?" The dog bowed to the three young ladies. "What made them more powerful?" The dog spelt "Beauty." When ended the applause these answers received, the dog went through the musket exercise with the soldier's staff; and as soon as he had performed that, he came to the business part of the exhibition, seized the hat which his master had dropped on the ground, and carried it round to each person on the stage. They looked at one another. "He is a poor soldier's dog," said the child, hiding her face. "No, no; a soldier can not beg," cried the Comedian. The Mayor dropped a coin in the hat; others did the same, or affected to do it. The dog took the hat to his master, who waved him aside. There was a pause. The dog laid the hat softly at the soldier's feet, and looked up to the child beseechingly.

"What," asked she, raising her head proudly—"what secures WORTH and defends BEAUTY?" The dog took up the staff and shouldered it. And to what can the soldier look for aid when he starves, and will not beg? The dog seemed puzzled—the suspense was awful. "Good Heavens," thought the Comedian, "if the brute should break down after all!—and when I took such care that the words should lie undisturbed—right before his nose!" With a deep sigh the veteran started from his despondent attitude, and crept along the floor as if for escape—so broken down, so crest-fallen. Every eye was on that heart-broken face and receding figure; and the eye of that heartbroken face was on the dog, and the foot of that receding figure seemed to tremble, recoil, start, as it passed by the alphabetical letters which still lay on the ground as last arranged. "Ah! to what should he look for aid?" repeated the grandchild, clasping her little hands. The dog had now caught the cue, and put his paw first upon "WORTH," and then upon BEAUTY. "WORTH!" cried the ladies—"BEAUTY!" exclaimed the Mayor. "Wonderful, wonderful!" "Take up the hat," said the child, and turning to the Mayor—"Ah! tell him, Sir, that what Worth and Beauty give to Valor in distress is not alms, but tribute."

The words were little better than a hack clap-trap; but the sweet voice glided through the assembly, and found its way into every heart.

"Is it so?" asked the old soldier, as his hand hovering paused above the coins. "Upon my honor, it is, Sir," said the Mayor, with serious emphasis. The audience thought it the best speech he had ever made in his life, and cheered him till the roof rung again. "Oh! bread, bread, for you, Darling!" cried the veteran, bowing his head over the child, and taking out his cross and kissing it with passion; "and the badge of honor still for me!"

While the audience was in the full depth of its emotion, and generous tears in many an eye, Waife seized his moment, dropped the actor, and stepped forth to the front as the man—simple, quiet, earnest man—artless man!

"This is no mimic scene, ladies and gentlemen. It is a tale in real life that stands out before you. I am here to appeal to those hearts that are not vainly open to human sorrows. I plead for what I have represented. True, that the man who needs your aid is not of that soldiery which devastated Europe. But he has fought in battles as severe, and been left by fortune to as stern a desolation. True, he is not a Frenchman: he is one of a land you will not love less than France,—it is your own. He, too, has a child whom he would save from famine. He, too, has nothing left to sell or to pawn for bread—except—oh, not this gilded badge, see, this is only foil and card-board—except, I say, the thing itself, of which you respect even so poor a symbol—nothing left to sell or to pawn but Honor! For these I have pleaded this night as a showman; for these, less haughty than the Frenchman, I stretch my hands toward you without shame; for these I am a beggar."

He was silent. The dog quietly took up the hat and approached the Mayor again. The Mayor extracted the half-crown he had previously deposited, and dropped into the hat two golden sovereigns. Who does not guess the rest? All crowded forward—youth and age, man and woman. And most ardent of all were those whose life stands most close to vicissitude

—most exposed to beggary—most sorely tried in the alternative between bread and honor. Not an operative there but spared his mite.

THE EVENINGS.

I.
In the summer evenings
When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
Long, long years ago.
Love, the young and hopeful,
Hovered o'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
And delicious pain,
In the summer evenings
Wandering in the lane.

II.
In the winter evenings
When the wild winds roar,
Blustering at the chimney,
Piping at the door,
Thou and I are happy,
As in days of yore.
Love still hovers o'er us,
Robed in white attire,
Drawing heavenly music
From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings
Sitting by the fire.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE CRYSTAL-SEER.

TRULY it is a most grave employment to be sitting here in the condemned cell, five hours, by the last stroke of Trinity, from my step into the eternal and the dark. The jailer, kind man, gives me paper, pencil, and candle, and, in a grim way, I am making a night of it. A just Heaven reward him—may he turn a fat penny by these confessions. Ho, there! too much noise! Never mind, it is only my keeper sleeping somewhat loudly. Poor soul, slumber on; thou hast not to die—just now.

In the College of St. Barabbas I passed my terms alone—in a crowd, but strictly alone—for I was never like the rest, and we let each other go by. I held unusual notions of life and man; I did not make the common distinction between realities and appearances. Often, walking in the day-time, I said, "I dream;" often, lying in the darkness of my room, in a great hall of wonderful images, I murmured, "Now I really begin to be." So I came to be looked upon as an unpleasant mystery—a tangle which none but new-comers sought to unravel, and failing to unravel, then left alone.

I held one belief which I confided to but a single other creature. It was settled gospel with me that all human souls are double, and that this visible personality which goes up and down the earth breathing and transacting business is but a mixed shadow thrown from the unseen duality. In a walk which I once took with the man who roomed next to me, I said this unawares. He laughed at me, and sighed "visionary." After that I always went out alone.

I can not remember the time when I did not believe this. Often even in childhood did I lie awake and hear my two selves talk to each other across my breast. Once I trembled to hear one of them utter a dreadful groan, and whisper of seeing a bad fate coming far off through the darkness. And many, many a time have I looked down upon myself from a great height, and reasoned of what I was, as of a stone.

One hot summer day I stood just outside the St. Barabbas gates, a new graduate. Ten dollars remained to me of my patrimony, and that was in my pocket. No one advanced any claim to share my fortune with me, and naturally I concluded that I might make what use of it I pleased. I paid my passage to New York, and reaching there, hid myself in a convenient little room, not too near the noisier thoroughfares, too far from the sky, nor over-dear—where, by pilot-bread and water, I might purchase one week's surety from starving—one week's chances of finding something to do which should keep me out of the turbid river that rushed by the wharves, two blocks down.

Day after day the chances grew fewer. From the first ripple of the business-tide until every thing grew calmer, and men went home to their wives at night, I was in the streets, indefatigably offering my services. Nobody wanted a teacher—nobody a scrivener—nobody a clerk. Might I sweep out the office and go on errands for my board? No, the situation was filled. The rag-picker hustled me; the sweep knew I was out of employ; and little children who had mothers, ran to them when they saw me—no doubt feeling that I was a vagrant. But no, not quite a vagrant yet—I had a home to go to; and as, on the evening of the last day whose roof and food were provided for, I slouched meanly through a reeking alley toward my garret, I caught a glimpse of the river, and drew myself up to my full height, for I thought that it would take me without much chill or long pain.

Turning the corner of this alley I came into a street broader, and not quite so poor. Just then a wonderful sight floated by me—a young girl, not over eighteen years, beautiful as God ever makes a creature, with wavy, sunny hair, eyes like the blue sky of dreams, and such a look of all-goodness, that the wan, half-naked children stopped wrangling, and smiled out of their mire to see her face.

Behind her came a servant, and in the basket on his arm were clothes, meat, and bread.

The thought of the river slid out of my brain in an instant, and I stood gazing after her, like John in the Transfiguration. Down, down into the far dimness of the street, she faded out of sight. Not till then did I turn to a ragged wayfarer who was

by my side, and say, "Can you tell me who that lady is?" He answered, "I don't know her name, but God bless it! It's in His book. She comes here every day, doing good to the poor!" Then he passed on.

Close by my feet something sparkled in the light of the street-lamp. I stooped and picked it up. It was a precious stone—a diamond so large, so resplendent, as to be worth a little kingdom. It was set as a brooch in a golden wreath, which clasped it all around the edge, and on the slender plate which braced the wreath behind I read this one word, "Elise." For a moment I thought the gem a bait of the adversary to bring into danger my soul, just confronted with starvation. Then I rejected the idea, and pressed the jewel reverently to my lips—for I knew it was the waif of the angel who had passed; a talisman, not a temptation. Not daring to trust it from my touch, in my clenched hand I carried it with me to my garret.

Does the man know what I am writing? Lie still, good keeper! I am chained. Sleep; it is but just down!

I had no candles; they were dearer than bread, and I was used to the dark. I drew near the dormer window of my room, and held up the diamond between me and the starlight. Gracious God! I suddenly found that I possessed the rare gift of crystal-sight. Deep in the gleamy recesses of that gem stood one of my two selves which I had heard and seen in dreams. And now—thou fool, my heart! thou art too near the scaffold to be weeping! Peace!—now I saw that radiant minister of God, Elise, floating out of the diamond distance to the side of my eidolon. She laid her hand upon his arm, and pointed upward. He lifted to heaven a pure, untroubled face, like that of infancy, and there fell on it rays from a starry crown. As with the sweep of wings, the wondrous maiden bore him heavenward toward the constellation, clasping him by the hand. I rose with their ascension—I exulted till distance wrapped their flight from my view. Then I hid the diamond under my pillow, and thanked God with prayers like anthems because he had shown me her who was linked with my destiny as its good angel. Sleeping, I dreamed of all things fair and holy.

All the next day I stationed myself by the same corner where I had seen Elise pass. In the afternoon she came by again, and with her not only the footman, but a tall, well-favored man, older than his prime, yet still erect, and somewhat haughty of bearing. They walked slowly, and every now and then stopped to question the passers-by. Taking advantage of this delay, I hurried up to them, and, hardly able to speak because I saw her again, stretched out my hand with the diamond, and faltered, "Lady, it is my happiness to restore your jewel." As her eyes met mine, something within me said, "This moment holds thy destiny." She started as if she recognized me, turned marble-pale, and, passing her hand quickly over her forehead, like one waking from a dream, took the brooch, and said, "God bless you: it was my dead mother's gift."

The gentleman half drew out his purse. I waved it back again, and he stood for a moment in rigid surprise: then said, "But what is this? Such honesty must not go unrewarded." I did not answer, but the daughter whispered something hurriedly to her father, upon which he spoke: "You seem far above those whom we expect to meet in such a place as this, and yet—" Here he gave a quick look at my worn attire, and still more worn face. "Can I serve you in any way?" he continued.

It ended in my going home with him as his secretary. He was rich, a benevolent man, and his sympathies flowed at my hastily-sketched story. I was installed in his house. The days went by, and I was no longer ill-fed, ill-clad, nor ill-lodged. All this was, in the worldly sense, to be well off. Still there was one thing of bitterness which all the father's wealth could not have made sweet—to be near the daughter morning, noon, and night; to detect her looking at me ever and anon, with one of those strange looks which she gave when I restored the diamond; to accompany her many a time on the merciful errand which disclosed her to me first—yes, though thou art striking, last bell but three of all I shall ever hear on earth—to find her every day more and more shutting out of my soul every other being but God, and not to hear from her own mouth whether she loved me!

At last, though I had not asked her father's consent, I resolved to know. Very simply and calmly, one day when we were alone, I told her the story of the Crystal Sight, and what she had been to me ever since. Growing once more marble-white, she heard me through, and then, just breathing "I had seen that vision in the diamond long before," she fell upon my breast as one dead.

But the fiery ordeal was to come. In the afternoon, when the father came home, I summoned all my strength, and plead for his daughter as for my own soul. He had other views for his child. It was better that we should separate.

Every thing was very delicately done, as good taste suggests when two hearts are to be broken. I left the house under cover of nightfall; another place offered itself, and mechanically I accepted it, without even suspecting that the father had obtained it for me privately. The first night that I passed under the new roof I heard once again, after many years, the groan of the mysterious self sounding across my breast.

After a while I grew strangely reckless. Elise I was to see never more, and with her face departed every thing holy from life and dreams. The figures which I saw in sleep were hideous, and cursed when they spoke. Once I caught a glimpse of the other part of my duality, which I had not seen before. It looked demonic, and I woke gnashing my teeth. Hitherto I had never been a boon companion; now I passed most of the evenings in wild revelry. Ah, how I went down!

One night when I was half furious with drink and play, one of those unfortunates who drag man down into the gulf where he plunged them at first,

came and stood behind me at the gaming-table, and caressed my cheek. I swept up the winnings of the evening, for luck had been with me, and followed her from the room.

Oh, to think that one so full of sin and woes should be so beautiful! Her great, lustrous brown eyes were overshadowed by a wealth of braided raven hair. In sensuous beauty, beyond all other beings I ever saw, bewilderingly queenly from the clear arched brow to the ripe lip, which curved imperceptibly down to melt into the full, fair chin, graceful as grace's self. Oh! she whirled my wild soul into her fascination, so that I could not have left her for Heaven. From the hour when we walked away together from the crimson lights of the faro den, we never parted till I came here. We were as one being in the dreadful ecstasy of that maddening alliance of sin.

Late one night I came home to my lodging, and found that Lina, weary with watching for me, had thrown herself down for a short sleep. Her round, white arm in slumberous abandonment lay carelessly upon the pillow, and in the bracelet on her wrist sparkled one large ruby. An imperative voice, such as we sometimes hear calling irresistibly out of the soul, sounded in my ear, "Crystal-seer, look into that ruby! Look!" Before I knew it, I had unclasped the bracelet; I held the stone up to the light. Great One above! what did I see? I do not dare to write it without some one by me. Ho, keeper! Awake there! I am lonely for lack of company. My brain burns when I remember that in that winy orb stood the awful self I had seen before—a hollow-eyed, despairing fiend, the incarnation of all wickedness, and trampling on a crown of extinguished stars! Still more fearful shapes surrounded him; they were wreathing his forehead with flowers whose petals were flame; they were hissing at him in mockery. Then one came and kissed him, and beckoned him down into a chasm of nether darkness. Oh, houri of Gehenna! It was she who slept by my side!

I flung the bracelet from me as it were a serpent. My knife lay on the table; for the way to hell is ever close at hand. That matchless upturned face of sleep but nerved my arm, and with a lightning blow the deed was done. A pair of great, deep eyes opened on me in bewilderment, and then shut into the darkness of the Forever.

I did not fly nor hide. I was close beside Lina when the officers took me. After the trial I came hither. Here I shall be till to-morrow. Where then? Oh! which of the two selves shall I eternally be conscious in? With which shall go memory, reason, feeling?

Ruby! ruby! I fear thee!

Two hours by the bell, and I shall know.

ODDS AND ENDS.

[By an old Bachelor Contributor.]

OF WOMAN.

DR. SAPPHIR says: "Woman is the honey of life; the sugar pea within the pod of our existence; the grain of gold among the gray sand of earth; the wonderful motive-spring which sets in action that vast engine known as the world."

The Abbé Bernis, Cardinal and French Ambassador at the Court of Venice, said, in answer to the same question, "Etre humain qui s'habille, babille, et déshabille."

OF OLD MAIDS.

Again Dr. Sapphir says: "How unjust, how cruel and heartless is the world toward the old maid! Receiving with favor the bachelor, it reviles the spinster, as though upon her forlorn self culminated all the miseries of single cursedness. Yet in the heart of every old unmarried woman lies a deep, unspoken tragedy. What trials, what afflictions, what sorrows, have not schooled that now quiet heart! What sublime, unknown, uncomprehended self-sacrifices have been needed in the past to produce the silent resignation of the present, who shall venture to say? Within such a heart there is buried a tragedy of fate, full of endless melancholy and renunciation; full of tranquil pains and inaudible plaints; full of deceived, disappointed, derided, and, what is worse, of never-comprehended longings."

"But within an old bachelor's heart there is found naught but the cast-off wardrobe of domestic comedies never played."

WHAT IS LOVE?

Aristotle calls it the soul of two bodies. Plato, a wolf's hunger, devouring lambs. Nicolas Venetti, a morning star fallen from heaven, and buried in clay. Augustin Niphus, the bridge between heaven and earth; and again, a magic swing, raising the mortal to the altitude of the immortal.

On the contrary, old Michel Montaigne says, "Love is a passion, making of man a beast." To which the Marquise de Lambert replies, "It is a talisman which makes of earth a Paradise."

Jacques Ferraud calls love a sickness; while Vincenzo Fabricius thinks it a physician.

Leo Abarbanel, a learned Rabbini of the sixteenth century, in his work, "Philosophia Amoris," thus accounts for the existence of the passion of love: "The first man, Adam, was created with two heads, four arms, and four legs. Now, as he was wandering alone through the Garden, longing vainly for society, and much desiring to hear the voice of some other, God divided him, and thus created Eve. But each of the two parts retained a vehement desire toward the other; and thus arose love."

A German philosopher asks: "Who can measure the heights of love—who explore its depths? Who comprehends its omnipotence? Who can unriddle the secret of its magic power? Who can analyze all its traits? Who can exhaust the peculiarities of its manifestations? Love is gentle as the dove, yet fierce as the Numidian lion; it is simple as the Lord's Prayer, yet intricate as the mazes of the Egyptian labyrinth; gentle as the summer breeze, yet wild as the wintry gale; timid as its first confession, and yet in boldness equal to the utmost danger."



WASHINGTON AT FORTY YEARS OF AGE, FROM A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE AT ARLINGTON HOUSE.

MY LOVE.

Your Love is painted with wine;
Hey! the thrush sings up on the tree!
She drinks from a goblet so fine,
With a Ho! and a Hey! she's not for me!
But when the green lanes burgeon,
Hey! the thrush sings deep in the tree!
And when the spring is virgin,
'Tis then that my sweet love comes for me!

The white lambs tumble and bleat,
Hey! the thrush sings high on the tree!
They nibble the grass at her feet,
With a Ho! and a Hey! and over the lea!
The saplings lean unto her,
Hey! the thrush sings low on the tree!
And all the meadows woo her,
But nothing can love her so much as me!

The little bird's nest in the hedge,
Hey! the thrush sings full on the tree!
The bittern he booms in the sedge,
With a Ho! and a Hey! as she comes for me!
None pluck at her cheeks' red posy,
Hey! the thrush sings loud on the tree!
None taste of her lips so rosy,
Nor none ever shall, my boy, but me!

RAIN.

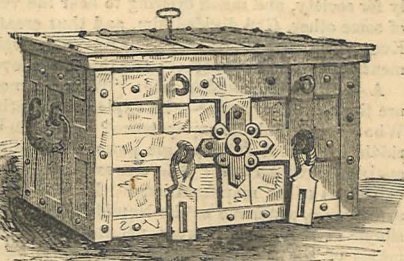
Mr Love took shelter under the tree
From rain, the summer rain;
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lea
Of the wide high-spreading chestnut-tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright."
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well."
Oh rain! oh rain!
Oh blessed rain!

No sunshine ever shall come again
So dear to me as that stormy rain!
CHARLES MACKAY.

THE LATE G. W. P. CUSTIS.

On the morning of the 10th instant died, at Arlington, his residence, near Washington City, George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and remarkable as having been for some years the last remaining member of the great chief's own family-circle.

Mr. Custis was born at Mount Airy, Maryland, in April, 1781, and was, therefore, in his seventy-seventh year at his death. He came of an ancient stock. Mount Airy, where he was born, was the seat of his maternal grandfather, Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Daniel Parke Custis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, and the grandfather of the Mr. Cus-



THE STRONG-BOX.

upon the west side of the Potomac, opposite Washington City, had been left him by his father. Here, when, in 1802, the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, broke up the family at Mount Vernon, Mr. Custis began the erection of the mansion so long known as Arlington House, and this became his home for the balance of his life. Here he gathered together many precious mementos of the great man with whom he was so intimately connected, as well as of his own direct ancestors. And here he devoted himself to the studies he most loved, and to the generous hospitalities for which he was long celebrated.

As Arlington was some time the residence of the Custis family, here are gathered many of their portraits, and among the rest one of Hon. John Custis, the father of Mrs. Washington's first husband. This gentleman seems to have lived unhappily with his wife, a portrait of whom, showing her a proud and impracticable-looking woman, now hangs next her husband's, upon the wall at Arlington House. Determined to have the last word, even after death, this John Custis, who survived his wife seven years, in his will commanded his son and heir, on pain of disinheritance, to erect, at a cost of £500, a monument with the following inscription:

UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BURTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGER'S PARISH, ON THE EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME, AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA.

The monument and inscription are still to be seen.
But of far more interest than these reminiscences

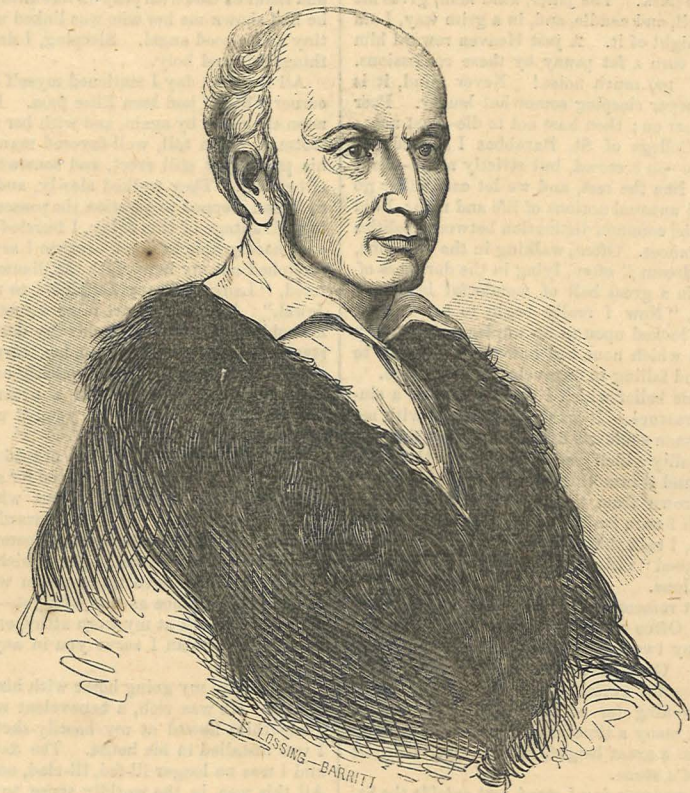
tis just deceased, was born at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and was long an extensive tobacco-planter in New Kent County, Virginia, on the banks of the Pamunky River. Here he married the beautiful Martha Dandridge, and here, too, he died, at the age of thirty, leaving the young widow a large fortune, and the care of two young children.

When Mrs. Martha Custis became Mrs. Washington her children found in the great chief a loving and careful friend, who looked after their interests as though they had been his own children; and, indeed, felt for them all the affection of a father. Young John Parke Custis, one of these children, was an aid to the chief at the siege of Yorktown. An attack of camp-fever obliged him to leave his post for his home at Eltham before the conclusion of the siege. Soon after the capitulation, Washington, informed that the disease menaced the life of his step-son, hastened to Eltham. Arrived at the house, he was met at the door by Dr. Craik, with the information that Mr. Custis had just expired. It is stated that Washington was profoundly affected. He was bowed with grief, and wept for a while like a child. When he recovered his composure, he said to the weeping mother, "I adopt his two younger children as my own, from this hour."

One of these children was the late proprietor of Arlington House; the other was his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who afterward married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew, and died in Clark County, Virginia, in 1852, at the advanced age of seventy-four years.

Mr. Custis was but six months old when thus adopted by Washington. He remained in his family until the death of his grandmother, at which time he was about twenty-one years of age. He received a fine education, was appointed cornet of horse in 1799, and was soon afterward made aid-de-camp to Major-General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina.

Arlington, an estate of one thousand acres, lying



George W. P. Custis

are the objects of Revolutionary interest with which Mr. Custis enriched Arlington House. Here, in one of the chambers, is the bed and bedstead upon which Washington slept at Mount Vernon, and whereon he expired. The bed-posts are mahogany. It was made in New York in 1789, and is remarkable for its width, which is about six feet. The engraving on this page is an accurate representation of this interesting relic.

Here, too, is the strong-box in which were kept General Washington's most valuable papers. It is a strong iron chest, twenty inches long, thirteen wide, and eleven deep, heavily banded, and secured by four locks—two padlocks, and two bolts. Of this, too, we give a representation below.

Here, likewise, is General Washington's tent, used by him during the entire war; his camp-chest, containing the various furniture of his kitchen and table; his massive silver tea set; a side-board; a punch-bowl, of finest china, bearing the initials G. W.; a small tea-table, long used by Washington, together with many other articles of inestimable value as memorials of the great man.

And last, but by no means least, are the two spirited portraits, from life, of General Washington and his wife, taken when they were still in the prime of life, engravings of which we present herewith to our readers. Washington is presented in military uniform, dark coat, scarlet vest and breeches, and three-cornered hat. The portrait of



MRS. WASHINGTON, FROM A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE AT ARLINGTON HOUSE.

Mrs. Washington shows her to have been a most beautiful woman.

Among the favorite pursuits of Mr. Custis was painting. Long an enthusiastic amateur, in 1848 he conceived the idea of representing, in a series of historical paintings, the several battles in which Washington was most conspicuously engaged. In six years he accomplished this project, and the paintings now grace the walls of the house at Arlington. One is a representation of Washington at Yorktown. The others are pictures of the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Germantown, Monmouth, and Yorktown. All these pictures are remarkable for fidelity in the delineation of costume; and as representations of scenes with the chief actors in which the painter enjoyed a long intimacy, they possess unusual interest. About a year since he began his largest work, a picture of the surrender of Yorktown. This was still unfinished at his death.

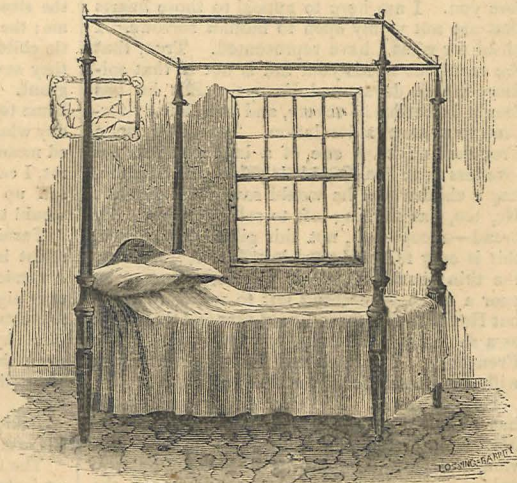
Mr. Custis paid some attention to literary pursuits, and was the author of six or seven plays, several of which have been acted. His most interesting literary labors, however, were doubtless the "Custis Recollections of Washington," which he has contributed annually, about the 22d of February, for the last twenty-five years, to the *Washington Intelligencer*. These, it is to be hoped, will ere long be gathered into a volume.

Mr. Custis was married in early life to Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, a Virginian lady. With her he lived a long and happy life. She died about three years ago. He leaves one daughter, the wife of Colonel Robert Lee, of the U. S. Army, now serving at San Antonio, Texas. Mrs. Lee has, for some years, resided at Arlington, comforting the declining years of her aged father.

Arlington House has become, through Mr. Custis's care, a place of great historic interest, and we take pleasure in presenting to our readers a faithful view of it. The mansion occupies a commanding site upon the brow of a hill more than three hundred feet above the Potomac, and distant from its shores about half a mile. It is of stuccoed brick, and presents a front, with a centre and two wings, of, altogether, 140 feet. The grand portico, which is modeled after that of the Temple of Theseus, at Athens, is supported by eight massive Doric columns, and has a front of sixty-one feet, by twenty-five feet in depth.

In front, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut, and clumps of evergreens. Behind the house, a dark old forest stretches away for over six hundred acres. Through this winds the private road by which the hill is surmounted. But a small portion of the estate is under cultivation, the greater part being covered with thrifty and profitable forests.

From the portico of the dwelling a most brilliant



WASHINGTON'S BED.